



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DI-26
No 7

10c

HEADLINE COMICS

FOR THE AMERICAN BOY



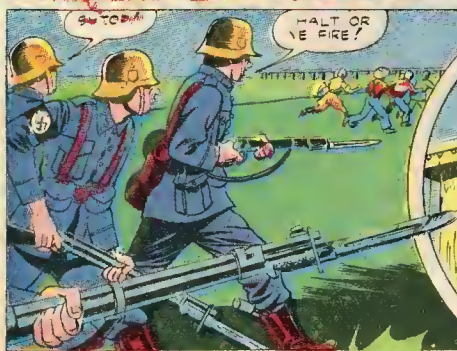
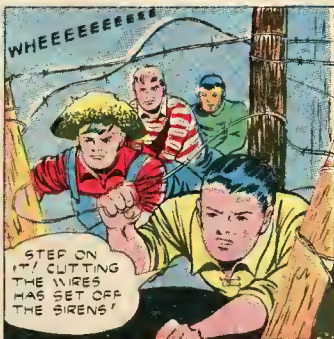
FOLLOW THE FLEETEST FOURSOME
OF FEARLESS FREEDOM FIGHTERS...
THE JUNIOR RANGERS!

JUNIOR RANGERS...

THE NAZIS LAUGH WHEN THE EARL OF SPANKEYSHIRE OPENS UP A ONE-MAN SECOND FRONT TO THEIR LAUGHTER CHANGES TO DISMAY WHEN THE EARL BEGINS TO TALK... AND THE DISMAY TURNS TO COWERING FEAR AS THE FOUR FEARLESS JUNIOR RANGERS CATAPULT TO THE EARL'S ASSISTANCE! FOLLOW THEM AS THEY CHARGE THROUGH THIS ROLICKING STORY OF SLAM-BANG ACTION AND GUSTY HUMOR!

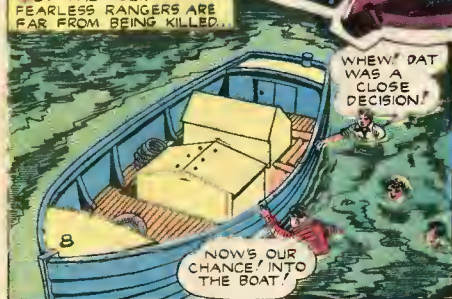


SOMEWHERE ON THE FRENCH COAST FOUR
STEALTHY FIGURES CUT THEIR WAY THROUGH
BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS





BUT THE FOUR
FEARLESS RANGERS ARE
FAR FROM BEING KILLED.



WHEW! DAT
WAS A
CLOSE
DECISION!

NOW'S OUR
CHANCE! INTO
THE BOAT!



STOP FIRING! VE
MUST HAFF KILLED
DOSE CRAZY BOYS!
HA HA! VE
ALWAYS
WIN!

HA HA! DEY
VILL LEARN
NOT TO FOOL
MIT DER
MASTER
RACE!

PUT- PUT- PUT

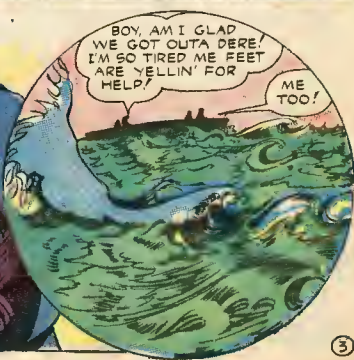
DER MOTORBOAT
IS GOING!
HIMMEL!

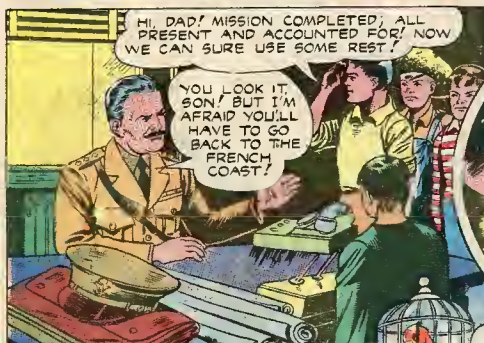
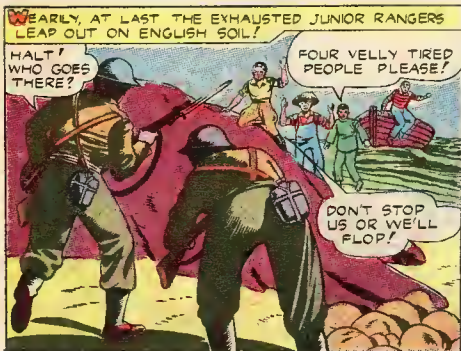


DER VERFLUCHTE
ENGLISHERS
TRICKED US!
SHOOT DEM
DOWN LIKE
DOGS!

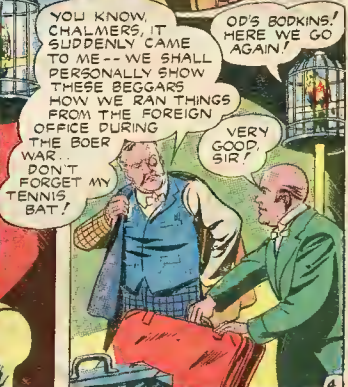
BOY, AM I GLAD
WE GOT OUTA DERE!
I'M SO TIRED ME FEET
ARE YELLIN' FOR
HELP!

ME
TOO!





"IT SEEMS THE EARL GOT ANNOYED ABOUT THE WAR AND DECIDED TO SETTLE IT HIMSELF. HE LEFT FOR FRANCE EARLY THIS MORNING.



...IN SOME MANNER, HE SLIPPED PAST OUR GUARDS AND HEADED ACROSS THE CHANNEL? A FLYER REPORTED SIGHTING HIM NEAR FRANCE.

RAWTHER A STIFF BREEZE TODAY, CHALMERS!

STIFF BREEZE? IT'S BLOWING IT'S BLOODY HEAD OFF!



YOU KNOW, CHALMERS, IT STRIKES ME THAT THE WAR OFFICE'S POLICIES AREN'T ALWAYS SOUND! THAT YOUNG CHURCHILL IS A BIT ALL RIGHT, BUT SOME OF THE OTHERS..



HOW SHALL WE REACH PARIS, SIR?

WE SHALL ASK THIS FELLOW! HE MUST RESPECT THE-SHARE-THE-PETROL PLAN, YOU KNOW... I SAY, MY GOOD MAN!



NATURALLY, IN VIEW OF PRESENT TRANSPORTATION RESTRICTIONS, YOU CAN'T OBJECT TO DROPPING US AT THE RUE ST. GERMAINE IN PARIS! EH, WHAT?



TUT, TUT, OLD BOY! IF WE DON'T OBJECT TO YOUR COMPANY, YOU CERTAINLY SHOULDN'T OBJECT TO OURS!

VAS IST???

ENGLISHERS? I DON'T--



DRIVE ON, KARL! HE MUST BE ONE OF OUR SPIES! FRANCE Y VERY CLEVER, THIS HERR HIMMLER!

JOLLY GOOD TO BE BACK IN FRANCE Y KNOW! THIS WAR HAS BEEN A BLOWSTED INCONVENIENCE!



WITHIN A FEW HOURS, NAZI-HELD PARIS IS IN-
VADED BY THE EARL OF SPANKENSHIRE...

I INSIST ON SHARING
THE PRICE OF YOUR
PETROL! WE SPANKEN-
SHIRES NEVER ACCEPT
FAVORS FROM THE
ENEMY! NO QUART-
ER 'Y' KNOW!

ENGLISH
MONEY??

VOT VILL HITLER
THINK OF NEXT!

PARIS IN THE
SPRING! IT
BRINGS BACK
MY YOUTH!

BRINGS
BACK YOUR
CHILDHOOD IF
YOU ASK ME!

HALT! ARE YOU
FOREIGNERS?

DECIDEDLY NOT!
WE'RE BRITISH!

AHA! ENGLISH
SWINE!
COMMANDOS!

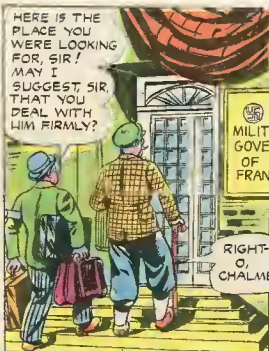
CHALMERS!
REMOVE THIS
INSUFFERABLE
BOUNDER!

VERY
GOOD
SIR!

WELL PLAYED,
CHALMERS!

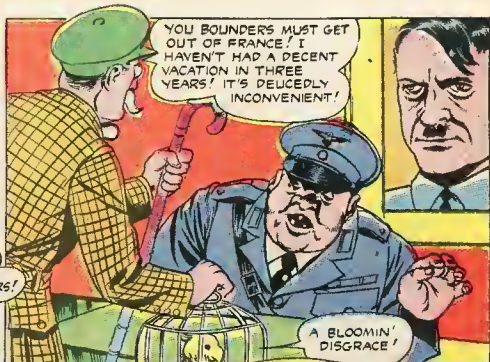
THANK
YOU, SIR!

VOT PER---
OOF!



HERE IS THE PLACE YOU WERE LOOKING FOR, SIR! MAY I SUGGEST, SIR, THAT YOU DEAL WITH HIM FIRMLY?

RIGHT-O, CHALMERS!



YOU BOUNDERS MUST GET OUT OF FRANCE! I HAVEN'T HAD A DECENT VACATION IN THREE YEARS! IT'S DEUCEDLY INCONVENIENT!

A BLOOMIN' DISGRACE!



CHALMERS, TURN THAT PICTURE SO I CAN'T SEE IT! THE BLIGHTER LOOKS JUST LIKE A MULE MY FATHER ONCE OWNED! A VERY SILLY MULE!

A STUPID JACKASS, I'D SAY!



5000! YOU DON'T LIKE US! MAYBE ...



YOU WILL LIKE US BETTER WHEN YOU'RE IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP! GUARDS!

AN ILL-MANNERLY FELLOW, ISN'T HE?

A BALLY CAP!



THE BRITISH CONSULATE WILL HEAR OF THIS!

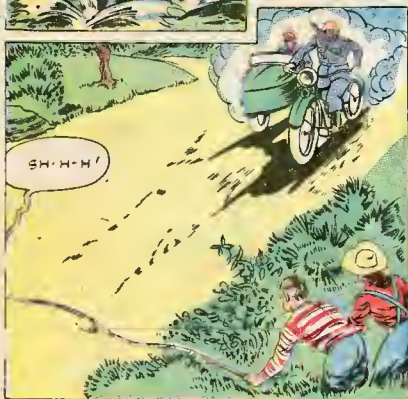
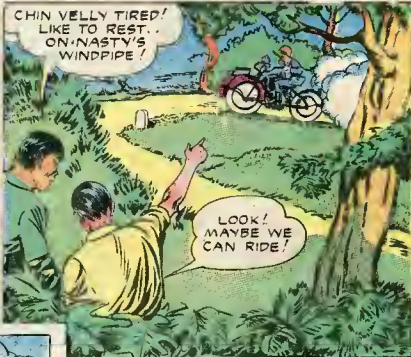
IF I MAY SAY SO, SIR, THEY SEEM A BIT PUT OUT!

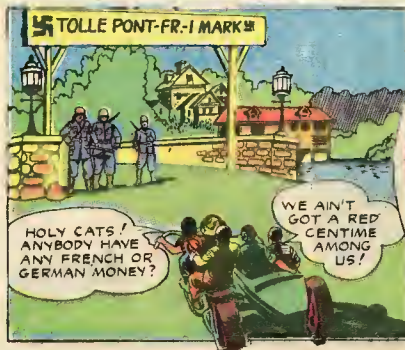
HAW! WE'RE BEING PUT OUT!

MEANWHILE, OUR FOUR WEARY HEROES
LAND ONCE MORE ON FRENCH SOIL...



CHIN VELLY TIRED!
LIKE TO REST..
ON 'NASTY'S
WINDPIPE!





WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE EARL OF SPANKENSHIRE WHILE OUR HEROES ARE RUSHING TO RESCUE HIM? LET US LOOK IN ON THE CONCENTRATION CAMP...

BUT, HERR GENERAL
VE MUST GET DOT
CRAZY ENGLISHER
OUDT OF HERE...
VHICH VUN? DER
VUN YOU JUST
SENT OVER!
WHO ELSE?

IM NOT EGGS-
CITED! WHO'S
EGGSCITED? HE
IS DRIVING
ME MAD
JUST LIKE
HITLER--VOT
AM I SAYING?
YOU SEE VOT
HE'S DOING
TO ME!

WHAT'S WRONG?
HE'S RUINING
DER MORALE
HERE!

VERY RUM,
SIR!

STINKING!

I SUPPOSE ONE
CAN'T EXPECT
MORE FROM
BARBARIANS!
OH, WELL, I'LL
HAVE A BIT OF
CHOPPED
LARKS'
LIVERS AS
AN APPETIZER!

DON'T
FORGET TO
ADD, SIR, THEY
MUST BE
THE LIVERS
OF HEN
LARKS!

WHAT, NO
MENU? UN-
SPEAKABLE
SERVICE!

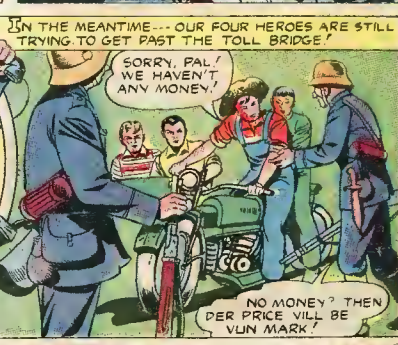
QUITE RIGHT, CHALMERS... THEN
I'LL HAVE A BIT OF TROUT--FRESH
WATER TROUT, Y'KNOW! INFORM
THE CHEF THAT I PREFER IT
COOKED WITH
CHABLIS WINE!
1909 VINTAGE!

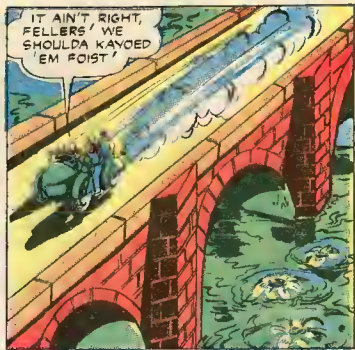
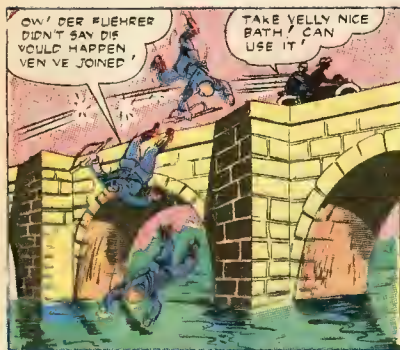
BEGGIN' YOUR
PARDON, SIR, IT'S
1908 VINTAGE!
1909 WAS THE
YEAR THE
GRAPES SUFFERED
A SLIGHT
FROST!

THANK YOU, CHALMERS!
DON'T FORGET, A SPOT
OF SAUTERNE WINE
WITH THE FISH!
1895 VINTAGE? RIGHT,
CHALMERS?

NOT QUITE,
SIR! 1894
VINTAGE!
THE 1893 IS
A BIT MUSTY,
IF I MAY
SAY SO,
SIR!

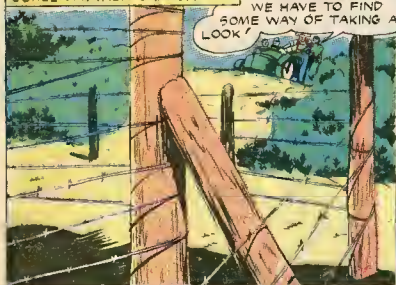
SHTOP!





PRESENTLY THE FOUR JUNIOR RANGERS APPROACH THE PARIS CONCENTRATION CAMP!...

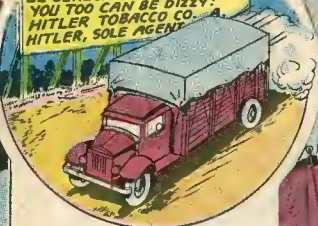
IF THE NAZIS HAVE CAPTURED THE EARL, HE'S PROBABLY HERE! WE HAVE TO FIND SOME WAY OF TAKING A LOOK!





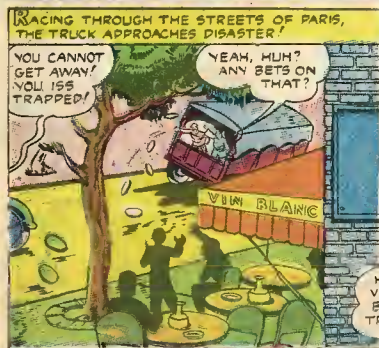
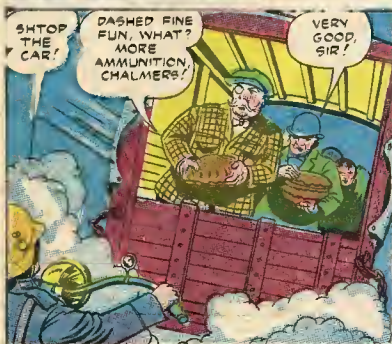


YOU ARE NOW ENTERING PARIS!
POPULATION--
2,429,743--2,426,379
1,409,999
DER FUEHRER SMOKES
EL GERUCH CIGARS!
YOU TOO CAN BE DIZZY!
HITLER TOBACCO CO. A
HITLER, SOLE AGENT



COPPERS!
WHATTA
WE GONNA
DO NOW?

ELEMENTARY,
M' LAD! SIMPLY
DO AS I DO!



FINALLY, THE SPEEDING FUGITIVES ARE TEMPORARILY SAFE IN THE CATACOMBS BENEATH THE CITY HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND!

WELCOME, JUNIOR RANGERS!

THANK YOU VELL Y MUCH!

BOY MY DOGS ARE KILLIN ME. DAT WAS SOME JOB RESCUIN HIS LORDSHIP HERE!

YOU BET IT WAS!

I SAY, THAT WAS DECENT OF YOU CHAPPIES--GOING TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO RESCUE ME, BUT QUITE UNNECESSARY. I WAS TO BE EX-CHANGED, Y' KNOW.

NOT AT ALL! BUT I'VE JOLLY WELL DECIDED TO STAY IN FRANCE. VERY INVIGORATING THIS EXCITEMENT!

CAN YA BEAT DAT! WE COULDA BEEN IN BED ALL DIS TIME!

BEG PARDON, M' LORD. YOU HAVEN'T DINED YET AND ONE OF THE UNDERGROUND CHICKENS WAS MOST OBLIGING!

YOU'RE JOKING!

AH--SPLENDID!

SHALL I BREAK THE SHELL, SIR?

I'LL DO IT MYSELF, CHALMERS! NEED A BIT OF EXERCISE, Y' KNOW!

AND SO PRESENTLY...

PIP-PIP, LADS! WHEN YOU RETURN, CHALMERS AND I SHALL HAVE THE JOLLY OLD SITUATION UNDER CONTROL!

SO LONG, DOOK! DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN MARKS!

MUST COME SEE US IN ENGLAND SOME TIME!

LATER THE FOUR JUNIOR RANGERS WEARILY APPROACH THE SHORES OF ENGLAND ONCE AGAIN

BOY, AM I GOING TO BE GLAD TO HIT THE HAY!

TALK ABOUT NERVE! SENDIN' US ON DAT WILD GOOSE CHASE!

HOW IS MY TECHNIQUE, CHALMERS?

OW!

EXCELLENT, SIR!

EVEN AS COLONEL SIMMS SPEAKS THE EARL OF SPANKENSHIRE IS BUSY CARRYING OUT HIS PLANS

AND REPORT AGAIN TO COLONEL SIMMS...

THAT'S THE STORY, DAD! HE INSISTED ON STAYING TO FIGHT THE NAZI!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, GO AND GET SOME REST! YOU'VE EARNED IT!... I WONDER WHAT THE EARL IS DOING NOW!...

AND ARE DEY GONNA HAVE A HEADACHE!

SHHHHHH!

OUT

I SAY CHALMERS, THIS IS JOLLIER THAN CRICKET!

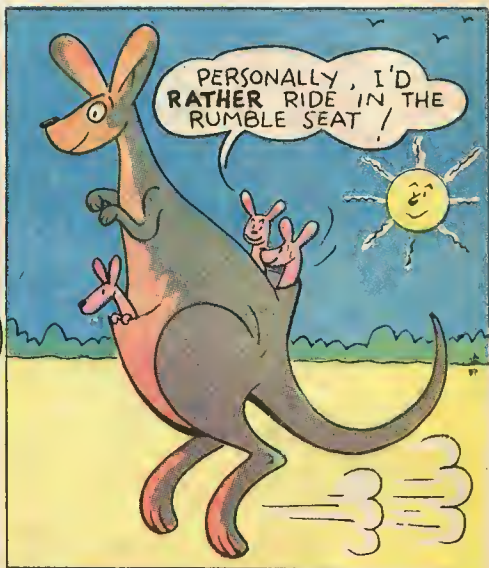
INFINITELY, SIR!

NO END!

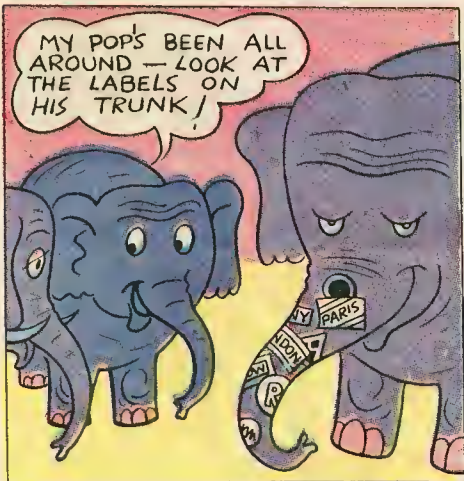
THERE'LL BE NO END OF TROUBLE FOR THE AXIS WHILE THE EARL AND HIS COTERIE ARE AROUND! AND WHEN THEY CALM DOWN THERE'S ALWAYS THE JUNIOR RANGERS! THEY'LL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER SLAP-DASH YARN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HEAD-LINE COMICS!



NOW THIS MAY SOUND CORNY, BUT YOU WILL FIND THAT THE EARLY BIRD GETS THE WORM.



MY POP'S BEEN ALL AROUND — LOOK AT THE LABELS ON HIS TRUNK!



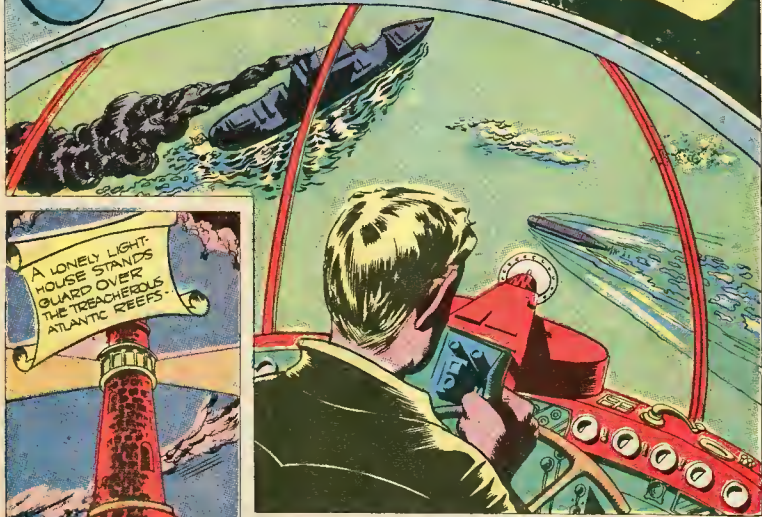
GUESS WHERE I'VE BEEN!



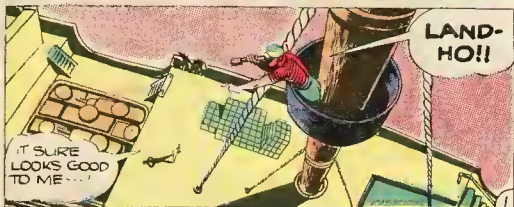
Buster
GREEN

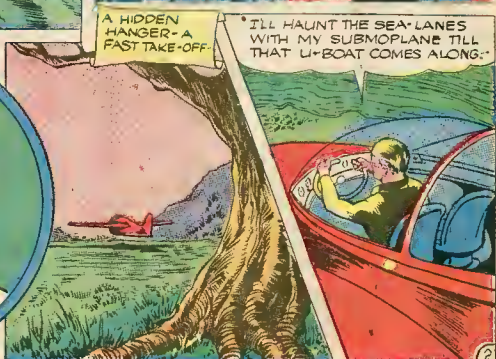
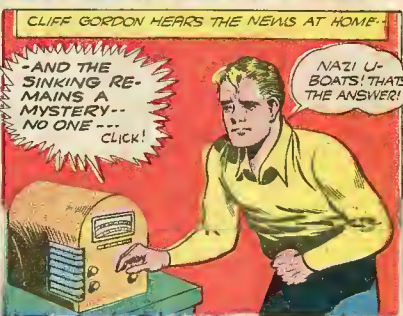
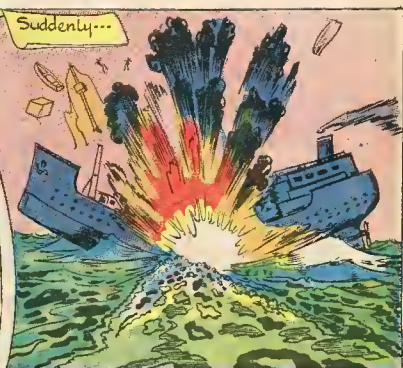
CLIFF GORDON

WHEN THE HEROIC MEN WHO
SAIL OUR MERCHANT SHIPS
THROUGH THE HAZARDOUS
WATERS OF WARTIME ARE
FACED WITH A NEW TERROR,
A TERROR THAT RAGES OFF
THE VERY SHORES OF AM-
ERICA---IT TAKES THE BRAVE
EFFORTS OF CLIFF GORDON,
TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF
"THE NAZI SUBMARINE
BASE WHERE NONE
CAN EXIST"

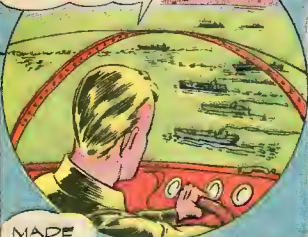


A LONELY LIGHT-
HOUSE STANDS
GUARD OVER
THE TREACHEROUS
ATLANTIC REEFS--



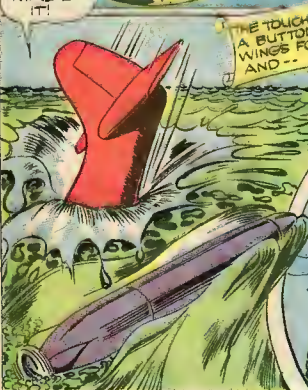


HERE COMES THE CONVOY!
NOW TO FLY LOW, AND LOOK
FOR THE STEEL EYE
OF DEATH----

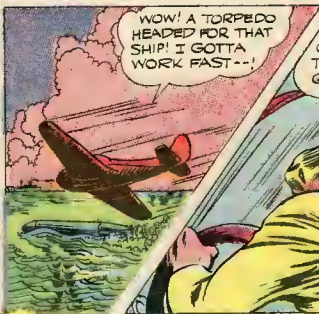


MADE
IT!

THE TOUCH OF
A BUTTON--THE
WINGS FOLD--
AND--



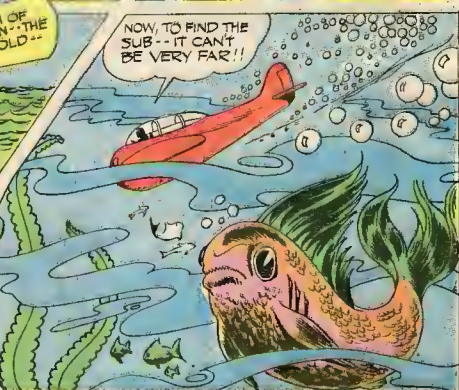
WOW! A TORPEDO
HEADED FOR THAT
SHIP! I GOTTA
WORK FAST--!



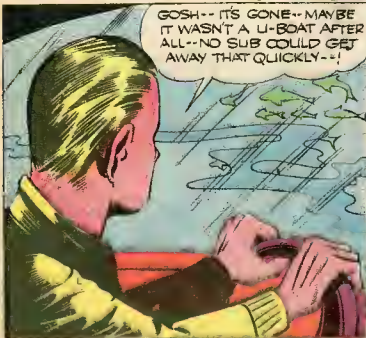
I'VE GOT TO
CHANGE THE
COURSE OF THAT
TORPEDO! HERE
GOES----



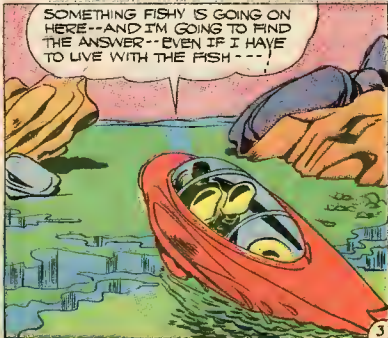
NOW, TO FIND THE
SUB-- IT CAN'T
BE VERY FAR!!



GOSH-- IT'S GONE-- MAYBE
IT WASN'T A U-BOAT AFTER
ALL-- NO SUB COULD GET
AWAY THAT QUICKLY--!



SOMETHING FISHY IS GOING ON
HERE--AND I'M GOING TO FIND
THE ANSWER-- EVEN IF I HAVE
TO LIVE WITH THE FISH----



MAYBE THE LIGHTHOUSE
KEEPER KNOWS SOME
THING ABOUT THESE
SINKINGS---



SURE IS LONELY BEING A
LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER! SWELL
PLACE TO STUDY FOR EXAMS!



AH-- A VISITOR!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

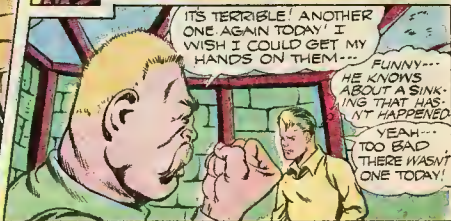
I
WANTED
TO ASK
ABOUT
THE
SINKINGS--



IT'S TERRIBLE! ANOTHER
ONE AGAIN TODAY! I
WISH I COULD GET MY
HANDS ON THEM---

FUNNY---
HE KNOWS
ABOUT A SINK-
ING THAT HAS-
N'T HAPPENED

YEAH---
TOO BAD
THERE WASN'T
ONE TODAY!



NO SINKING TODAY?
MAYBE IT WAS
YESTERDAY---

AND THIS
SHIPS
LOGBOOK--
HOW
COME
YOU
HAVE IT?



YOU WEAR FUNNY
CLOTHES FOR A
LIGHTHOUSE
KEEPER--MAYBE
YOU'RE A---

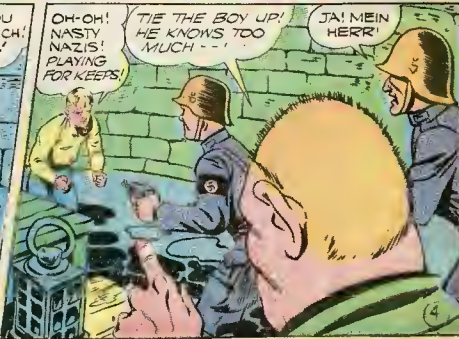
- MAYBE YOU
KNOW TOO MUCH!
**WILHELM!
HANS!**

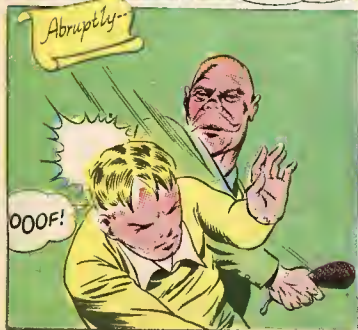


OH-OH!
NASTY
NAZIS!
PLAYING
FOR KEEPS!

TIE THE BOY UP!
HE KNOWS TOO
MUCH---

JA! MEIN
HERR!





GET EVERYTHING IN
READINESS! D'S TIME
VE VILL NOT FAIL
DER FATHERLAND!

HEIL
HITLER!

OUR U-BOAT STRENGTH
MAY HAVE FAILED, BUT
I' HAVEN'T! NO ONE
WILL SUSPECT THIS
INNOCENT LIGHT-
HOUSE ---!

MEANWHILE--CLIFF STRUGGLES
DESPERATELY TO FREE HIMSELF!

NO USE TRYING TO
ESCAPE! THEY'LL
KILL YOU---

I GOTTA--
I GOTTA
GET OUT
OF THIS---

WE'RE NOT
LOST YET---
THERE'S TOO
MUCH AT
STAKE---!
JUST A LITTLE
MORE--A
LITTLE---
MORE---

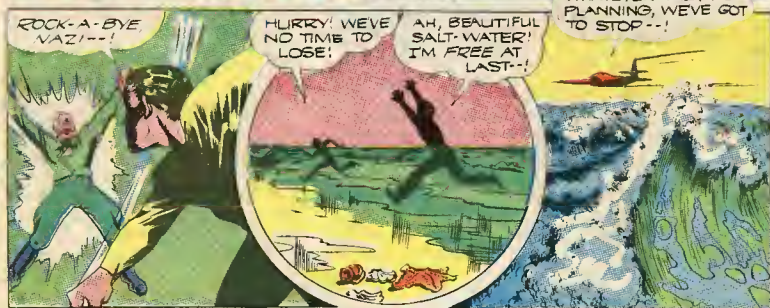
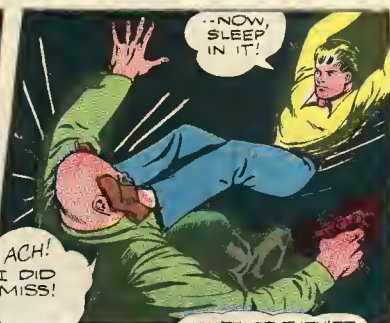
NOW TO CUT THE ROPES WITH
THAT BROKEN GLASS-JAR--!

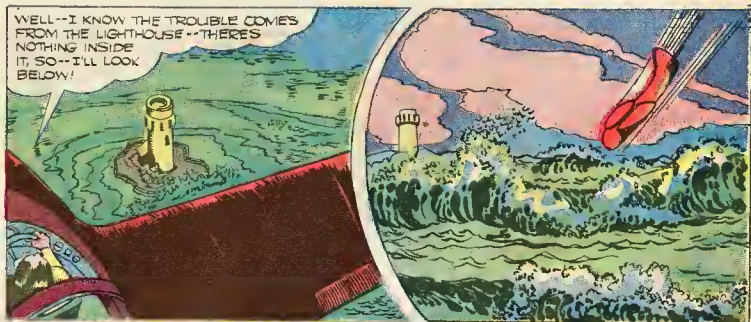
CRASH!

CAREFULLY--
PAINFULLY---
CLIFF MAN-
IPULATES
THE ROPE TO
THE JAGGED
GLASS--AND---

YOU STAY HERE---I'M
PAYING A LITTLE VISIT
TO MR. NAZI---!

HE'S LOOSE!
D'S TIME I
SHOOT
HIM!!!





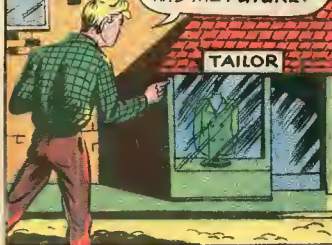
TOM MORGAN



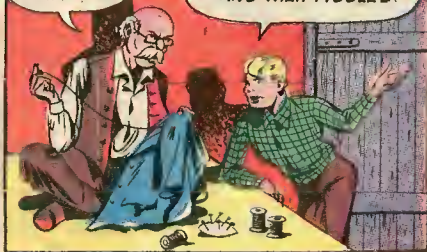
DID NERO FIDDLE WHILE ROME BURNED?
THE ANCIENT LEGEND ABOUT THE EMPEROR OF ROME AND HIS HOT VIOLIN IS INVESTIGATED BY **TOM MORGAN**, THE BOY WHO CAN VISIT THE PAST.

THIS IS THE MYSTERIOUS TAILOR SHOP WHICH LEADS **TOM MORGAN** TO FAR-DISTANT ADVENTURES IN HISTORY!

GOLLY, I BET EVERY KID WOULD ENVY MY BEING ABLE TO GO INTO THE PAST AND THE FUTURE!



HELLO, SON! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND TODAY? WANT TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK THROUGH TIME?



YOU BET! WE'VE BEEN STUDYING ABOUT **NERO** AND I WANT TO FIND OUT IF HE REALLY SET ROME ON FIRE... AND THEN FIDDLER!

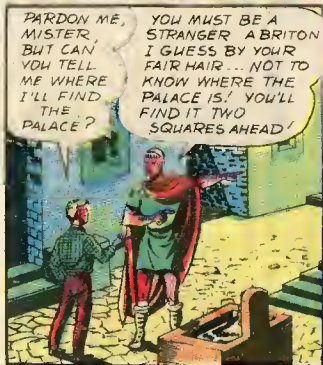


WHY DON'T YOU GO THROUGH THE MAGIC DOOR AND SEE FOR YOURSELF, SON?

I THINK I WILL!

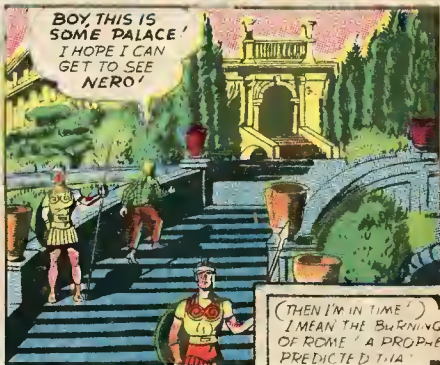
WALKING THROUGH THE DOORWAY INTO THE PAST, TOM FINDS HIMSELF IN THE HOME OF NERO

SOME DAY I'LL PROBABLY GET USED TO TRAVELING AROUND FROM ONE PERIOD TO ANOTHER, BUT IT STILL IS A BIG THRILL TO ME



PARDON ME, MISTER, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I'LL FIND THE PALACE?

YOU MUST BE A STRANGER ABRITON I GUESS BY YOUR FAIR HAIR... NOT TO KNOW WHERE THE PALACE IS! YOU'LL FIND IT TWO SQUARES AHEAD!



BOY, THIS IS SOME PALACE! I HOPE I CAN GET TO SEE NERO!



INSIDE THE PALACE...

GEE, THIS IS FUNNY! NO ONE TRIES TO STOP ME OR ANYTHING! YOU'D NEVER KNOW NERO WAS SUCH A BIG SHOT!



AS SIMPLE AS OPENING A DOOR AND TOM MORGAN IS FACING THE GREAT NERO

THAT'S HIM, PLAYING THE FIDDLE!

PARDON ME, MISTER NERO, BUT HAVE YOU HAD THE FIRE YET?

FIRE? FIRE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

(THEN I'M IN TIME!) I MEAN THE BURNING OF ROME! A PROPHET PREDICTED IT! ROME WOULD SOON BURN! THERE'S NOTHING TO IT! I WON'T PERMIT A FIRE! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! BESIDES



... BESIDES, I'M TOO BUSY
I'M JUST LEARNING TO
PLAY THIS NEW INSTRUMENT
ONE OF MY MEN JUST
BROUGHT FROM
ASIA!

HAIL NERO,
MIGHTY CEASAR
OF ALL ROME!
HAIL PROTECTOR
OF ALL ROMANS!
HAIL MIGHTY

CUT IT OUT
CLAUDIUS!
YOU'RE ALWAYS
POPPING IN
WITH SOMETHING
TO BOTHER
ME! WHAT IS
IT THIS
TIME?

I HAVE A THEORY ON
CEASAR! I'VE JUST
READ A BOOK PUBLISHED
IN CARTHAGE, ABOUT
FOREST FIRES. I HAVE
ESTABLISHED A FINE
THEORY.

GET TO
THE POINT!

IT IS THIS, OH FEEDER OF
LIONS! A MIRACULOUS
THEORY FOR FIGHTING
FIRES! WHEN A FIRE
STARTS ON THE BOTTOM
FLOOR, WE FIGHT IT
FROM THE TOP!
WHEN IT STARTS FROM
THE TOP, WE FIGHT
IT FROM THE BOTTOM!
IS THIS NOT
GENIUS?

LOOK, CLAUDIUS, HOW
MANY TIMES MUST I TELL
YOU NOT TO GET THEORIES!
AS I JUST EXPLAINED TO
THIS YOUNG MAN, I WILL
NOT TOLERATE FIRES IN
ROME! IN FACT, I'VE
BEEN THINKING OF DOING
AWAY WITH THE FIRE
DEPARTMENT! NOW,
BEGONE!

THIS IS
TERRIBLE!
WHAT WILL
MY WIFE
SAY?

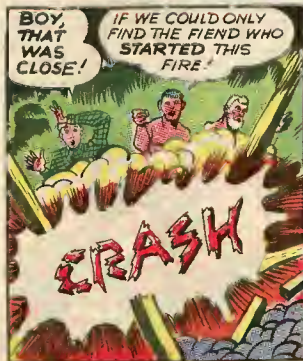
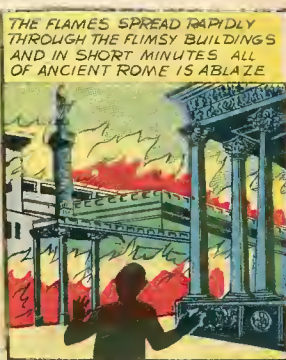
WHATEVER
SHE SAYS,
IT'LL BE
TOO MUCH...
AH, THIS IS A
WONDERFUL
INSTRUMENT!

GUESS I MIGHT AS
WELL LOOK ABOUT
ROME! MAYBE IT'S
TRUE WHAT THEY
SAY ABOUT NERO...

WHY DIDN'T I
DISCOVER THIS
WHEN I WAS
YOUNG ENOUGH
TO PLAY IT UNDER
BALCONIES?

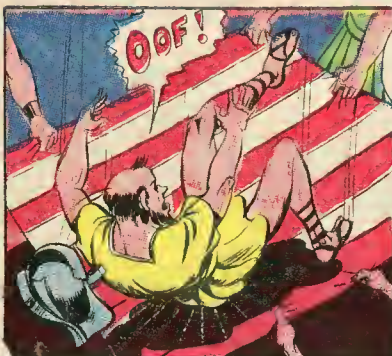
A SHORT TIME LATER...

THERE'S A
FIRE! THIS
MUST BE THE BURNING
OF ROME





THIS BRITON HAS A WONDERFUL HEAD ON HIM. WE MUST REMEMBER THIS METHOD!



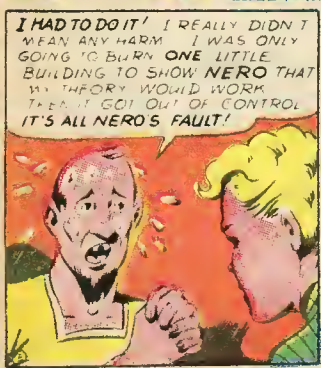
I'LL BET THE HISTORY BOOKS DON'T SAY THAT I WAS THE FIRST ONE TO USE A LIFENET FOR FIRES!



SO YOU WERE TRYING OUT YOUR THEORY? I'LL BET YOU EVEN STARTED THE FIRE!

PLEASE DON'T TELL ON ME! I WAS SO AFRAID THAT NERO WOULD FIRE ME AND THEN MY WIFE WOULD GIVE ME NO PEACE!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MY WIFE NAGS ME BECAUSE I AM NOT AS SUCCESSFUL AS MAXIMILIUS, OUR NEIGHBOR! IF I LOST MY JOB I'D NEVER HEAR THE LAST OF IT!



I HAD TO DO IT! I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM. I WAS ONLY GOING TO BURN ONE LITTLE BUILDING TO SHOW NERO THAT MY THEORY WOULD WORK. THEN IT GOT OUT OF CONTROL. IT'S ALL NERO'S FAULT!



I PROMISE I WON'T DO IT AGAIN! PLEASE DON'T TELL ON ME! NERO WOULD BE VERY ANGRY!

OKAY! I BELIEVE YOU DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM BUT YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL! A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL BE KILLED IN THIS!

HOURS
LATER...
WITH
MUCH
OF
ROME
DESTROYED...
...THE
REMAINING
FIRE IS
UNDER
CONTROL
AND
TOM
MORGAN
GOES
BACK
TO
SEE
NERO.

NOW I KNOW
THAT NERO DIDN'T
SET ROME ON
FIRE, BUT HE
SURELY DID
FIDDLE WHILE
IT BURNED!

WERE
YOU HERE
ALL THE
TIME WE
WERE
FIGHTING
THE FIRE?

AH! THAT
SOUNDS
LIKE THE
RIGHT NOTE!
--WHAT
FIRE ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

NEARLY
ALL OF
ROME HAS
BURNED
DOWN!
YOU MEAN
YOU DIDN'T
SEE IT?

YOU MEAN WE
REALLY HAD A
FIRE? OH, THIS
IS TERRIBLE!
NOBODY EVER
TELLS ME
ANYTHING!
I CAN'T GET ANY
SERVICE AROUND
HERE



THIS IS AWFUL!
I'LL HAVE TO
RAISE THE TAXES
AGAIN! WHY IS IT I
CAN'T EVER PLAY MY
MUSIC IN PEACE?

YOU'D BETTER PAY
A LITTLE MORE
ATTENTION TO
WHAT'S GOING
ON IN YOUR CITY!
I HAVE TO GO
BACK NOW! SO
LONG!

AS OUR HERO
LEAVES THE PALACE
HE IS HANDED A
LEAFLET BY A
FAMILIAR FIGURE.

HERE, FRIEND,
READ WHAT KIND OF
A RULER YOU ARE
SUPPORTING!

WHAT?

CITIZENS OF ROME!

TODAY THE CITY
OF ROME WAS
BURNED TO THE
GROUND! THE
DESTROYING
FIRE WAS SET
BY NERO,
WHO THEN RE-
TURNED TO
THE PALACE
AND CALMLY
PLAYED A
DANCE TUNE
ON A FOREIGN
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENT!
SOMETHING
MUST BE DONE!

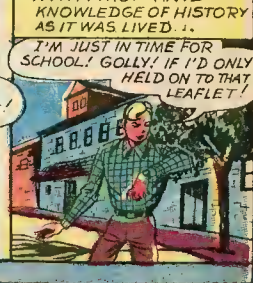


CLAUDIUS!
AFTER ALL YOUR
PROMISES
YOU...

SUDDENLY, AS TOM FACES THE
MAN WHO IS PASSING HIS OWN
BLAME ONTO ANOTHER... HIS
TIME IN THE PAST EXPIRES...

HIS ADVENTURE IN THE
PAST OVER, TOM RETURNS
TO THE PRESENT, FILLED
WITH FIRST-HAND
KNOWLEDGE OF HISTORY
AS IT WAS LIVED. . .

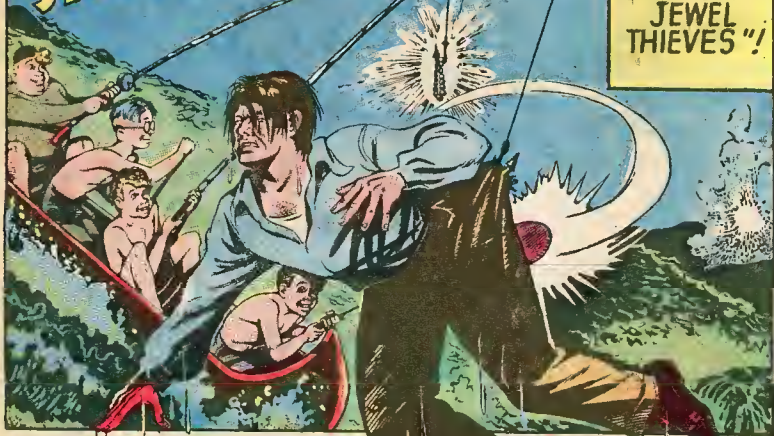
I'M JUST IN TIME FOR
SCHOOL! GOLLY! IF I'D ONLY
HELD ON TO THAT
LEAFLET!



Buck SAUNDERS

AND HIS
PALS

BUCK SAUNDERS
AND HIS PALS
THROW IN THEIR
LINES AND PULL
IN THEIR BIGGEST
CATCH OF FISH,
WHEN THEY PADDLE
INTO THEIR LATEST
EXCITING ADVENTURE
OF THE
"DEEP SEA
JEWEL
THIEVES"!



A CANOE MAKES ITS WAY DOWN A
LONELY COUNTRY ROAD, WITH FOUR
PAIRS OF HAPPY FEET JUTTING
FROM ITS UNDERSIDE.

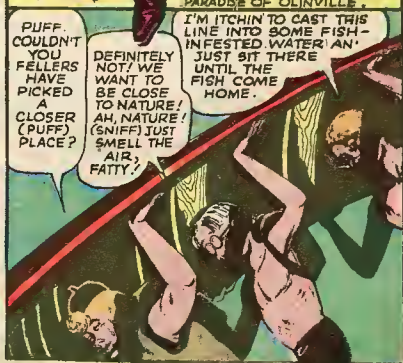


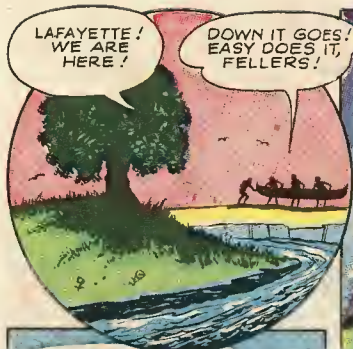
BENEATH THE SKY, CRAFTY, FOUR
EAGER, SMILING FACES, FACE A
HAPPY WEEK-END OF FISHING AND
CANOEING IN THE NEARBY WOODED
PARADISE OF OLINVILLE.

PUFF.
COULDN'T
YOU
FELLERS
HAVE
PICKED
A
CLOSER
(PUFF)
PLACE?

DEFINITELY
NOT! WE
WANT TO
BE CLOSE
TO NATURE!
AH, NATURE!
(SNIFF) JUST
SMELL THE
AIR,
FATTY!

I'M ITCHIN' TO CAST THIS
LINE INTO SOME FISH-
INFESTED WATER! AN'
JUST SIT THERE
UNTIL THE
FISH COME
HOME.





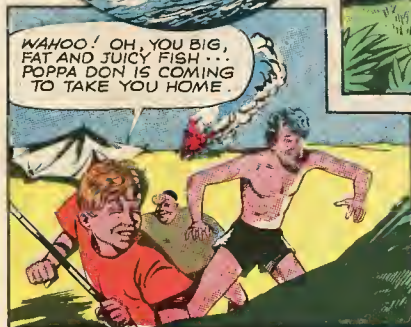
LAFAYETTE!
WE ARE
HERE!

DOWN IT GOES!
EASY DOES IT,
FELLERS!



♪ TENTING TONIGHT. TENTING
TONIGHT. TENTING TONIGHT
ON THE OLD CAMP
GROUNDS. ♪

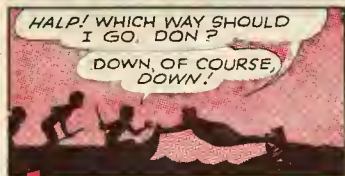
HURRY UP YOU
GUYS. WE DON'T
WANT TO SPEND ALL
WEEK-END MAKING
CAMP!



WAHOO! OH, YOU BIG,
FAT AND JUICY FISH...
POPPA DON IS COMING
TO TAKE YOU HOME.



JUST PUSH IT OFF,
AND JUMP ON!

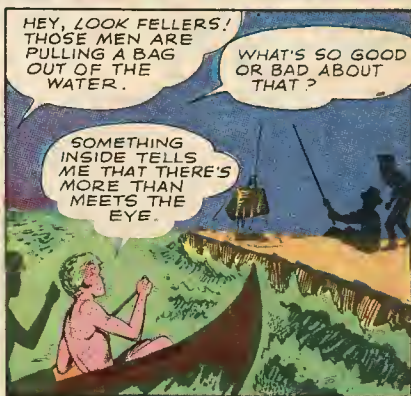


HALP! WHICH WAY SHOULD
I GO, DON?

DOWN, OF COURSE,
DOWN!



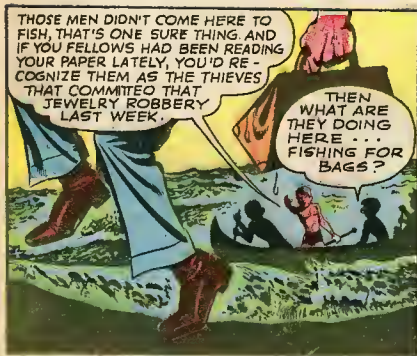
WHAT ARE YOU FELLERS
LAUGHING ABOUT? I DON'T
SEE ANYTHING SO FUNNY?



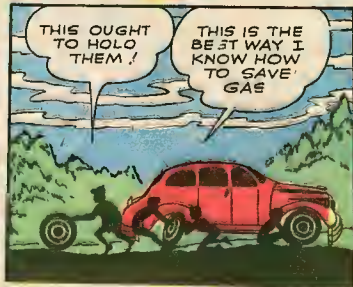
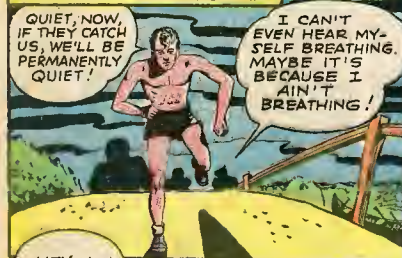
HEY, LOOK FELLERS!
THOSE MEN ARE
PULLING A BAG
OUT OF THE
WATER.

WHAT'S SO GOOD
OR BAD ABOUT
THAT?

SOMETHING
INSIDE TELLS
ME THAT THERE'S
MORE THAN
MEETS THE
EYE.



BEACHING THE CANOE ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER, AND THROWING CAUTION TO THE WINDS, THE FEARLESS FOURSOME PAD STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE CROOKS CAR.





WAHOO!

BOOHOO!

THIS ONE OUGHT
TO SET YOU STRAIGHT
... AND I MEAN
STRAIGHT!

THIS SHOULD
UPSET ALL YOUR
PLANS.

I'LL TAKE
CARE O' DIS
ONE. HE'S
JUS' ME SIZE!



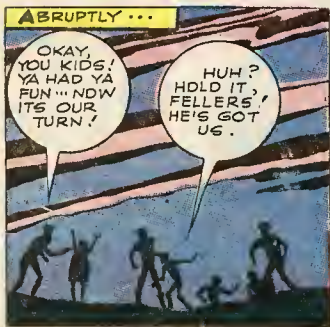
YOU WOULDN'T
HIT A MAN
WITH GLASSES,
WOULD YOU?



BUT SINCE
YOU HAVEN'T
GLASSES...

AWKKKKKKKKKK!

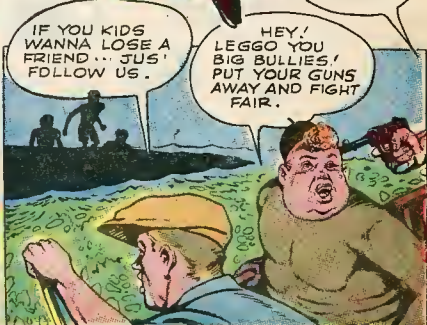
IT DIDN'T
WOIK! YOU
KIDS DON'T
FIGHT FAIR
... YOU
WIN!



ABRUPTLY ...

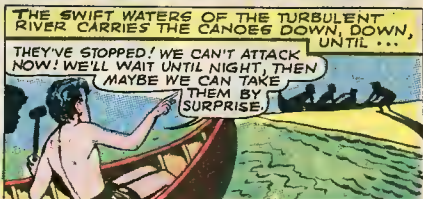
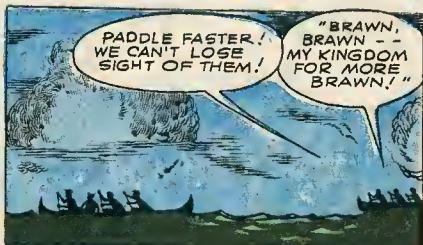
OKAY,
YOU KIDS!
YA HAD YA
FUN ... NOW
ITS OUR
TURN!

HUH?
HOLD IT,
FELLERS!
HE'S GOT
US.



IF YOU KIDS
WANNA LOSE A
FRIEND ... JUS'
FOLLOW US.

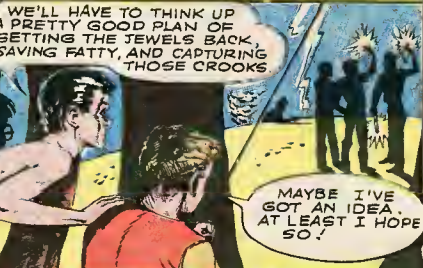
HEY!
LEGGO YOU
BIG BULLIES!
PUT YOUR GUNS
AWAY AND FIGHT
FAIR.

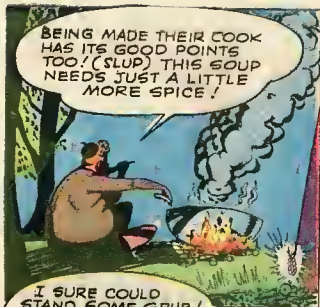


DARKNESS COVERS THE WOODED REGION, AND THE THREE FEARLESS BOYS PAD THEIR WAY STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE CAMP OF THE THUGS.



FINALLY THE LIGHT OF A CAMPFIRE FLICKERING THROUGH THE TREES MARKS THE END OF THEIR DESTINATION.

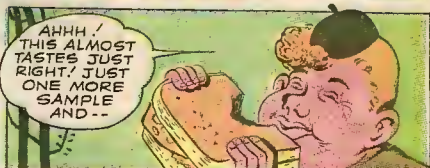
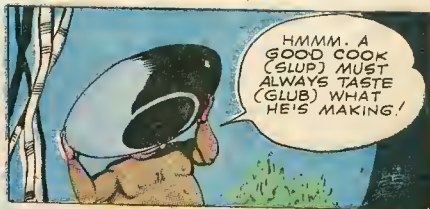




I SURE COULD
STAND SOME GRUB!
HEY, FAT BOY! HOW'S
THE FOOD DOIN'?

WHA...?
LOOK! DE
GRUB'S ALL
GONE!

DON'T GET
EXCITED GENTLEMEN!
I CAN ALWAYS
MAKE MORE.





WELL, WE'VE GOT THE JEWELS! NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO RETRIEVE IS OUR FATTED FRIEND.

WE'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE LONGER, THEN IF NOTHING BREAKS, WE'LL BREAK THEIR CAMP.



WAHOO!

LOOK! FATTY'S GOT THEM ON THE RUN!

WAHOO! MY GANG'S HERE! WAHOO!



OVER THE TOP, FELLERS! WAHOO!



BLOW, BUDDY, BLOW!

SUDDENLY, THE EGGS IN THE MOLD START SHOOTING OUT OF THE MOLD AND SPLATTER ALL OVER THE THUGS.



I'M BOININ' UP!

AIEEEE!

IT WORKED! THERE'S YOUR FOOD, YOU ROTTEN THIEVES! HOT OFF THE FIRE!



SOMETHIN' TELLS ME I SHOULD RUN... AN' I'M FOLLOW- IN' ITS ADVICE.



KEEP YOUR NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE, AND YOU'LL BE A SUCCESS IN LIFE!



THE RABBIT'S HUTCH

By CREST WOOD

THEY could have been just animal lovers gathered in a suburban house to look at some guinea-pig hutches.

The Rabbit was the only one of the three who looked at all like what they really were, crooks. Without the harelip which disfigured him and gave him his nickname the Rabbit would have seemed just as ordinary as Van Dunsan and Luncie.

"Rabbit, stop playing with your pets and listen," Van Dunsan's tone left no doubt as to who was head man. "This'll be the last job for a while, then we'll split the dough and lie dogga for a while."

The Relief Ball, one of the many that season to raise money for the Allies, was crowded.

Meg had said, "We go." So they went, even though Joe would have preferred a good gun fight to standing with a draft blowing through his green tights.

Joe Dunne watched the fantastically dressed crowd dance by and felt less self-conscious about his Robin Hood outfit.

"Isn't that a striking looking man?" Meg drew Joe's attention to a Harlequin who was coming down the grand stairway. The little domino mask the man was wearing didn't prevent Joe from recognizing him. "Maggie, that's Van Dunsan!"

Bong a cop's girl friend, that told Meg everything. Van Dunsan, the one man the cops had never been able to tip up. For five years the cops knew that Van Dunsan was behind every major crime in the city.

Joe Dunne had built up case after case against him and his gang only to have it dissolved. The net was weaving closer and closer however and Joe knew he finally had the goods on him. Only the night before he had said, that in three days he would blow the bottom out from under the whole gang.

It was ten minutes to twelve, ten minutes to lights out and general unmasking time.

Van Dunsan, half way down the stairs ripped off his mask! His voice filled the ball room. "This is a stick-up! Line 'em up against the wall, boys."

The gun in his hand looked oddly out of place with the Harlequin outfit.

The music stopped as eight hurly yeggs in monk's costumes, guns in hand went through the line picking and choosing the best of the women's jewelry.

Joe was stunned. Was Van Dunsan crazy? Never before had he even been present at the scene of a crime let alone taking part in one.

It was midnight. The lights went out.

Joe shook himself out of his daze as he saw a curtain flicker in the gloom. He ran to the window and saw Van Dunsan running across the lawn to where the cars were parked. The Harlequin cape blended into the darkness. All the cars were parked out there, Joe got to his in time to see two cars start. One was filled with gunsels. Joe followed the other one. Those hoodlums were a dime a dozen. Van Dunsan was the

important one.

The car with one occupant kept about a hundred feet in front of him despite anything he could do. He could see the black cape and the tricorn hat of the Harlequin.

He wondered if this was a red herring. If this weren't Van Dunsan, then what? They hit the city traffic and it took all Joe could do not to lose the other car.

With a screech of brakes the car stopped in front of a tenement. The dark figure raced up the stairs with Joe pounding in pursuit. Up, up to the fifth floor. A rickety door slammed in his face.

Five years of wasted endeavor and Joe's two hundred pounds hit the door. It had to give. It did, part way.

Joe looked through before he battered it down completely. Van Dunsan, face contorted, was framed against the window.

"You still haven't got me," he screamed and dove through the window. Joe heard the glass break as he broke down the door.

Just as he reached the window he heard that never to be forgotten sound of human flesh and bones crashing on cement.

He looked down and saw the festive Harlequin five stories below. The laundry on the clothes lines in the court yard somehow, prosaic as they were, seemed to make the bunched figure more horrible.

He pushed himself away from the window and looked at the room. It was bare, unfurnished but for a telephone. He dialed for an ambulance and called his captain.

As he turned to leave the room he tripped over a clothes hanger. He kicked it out of the way. As he walked slowly downstairs he realized that Van Dunsan had rammed the clothes hanger under the door to slow him up.

The clanging of the ambulance bell followed him as he walked into the court yard. The young interne looked a little greenish as he looked up at Joe.

"He landed right on top of his head." He turned away and retched.

Joe tried to think of something else and remembered Meg still waiting for him at the ball. He got back to his car and drove automatically. Somehow this wasn't the way it should have turned out.

The police were still taking statements as to the value of the stolen articles when he came in. The place was overrun with reporters and cameramen. Flash bulbs punctuated questions.

Meg was no where in sight. Joe wondered idly if she had gone home in a huff. No, that wasn't like her. She understood the demands of his job. A little finger of worry inserted itself in his brain.

A harried looking butler came over. "Are you Mr. Dunne?" Joe nodded, "You're wanted on the phone."

That little finger was a handful of worry by the time he got to the phone.

"Joe Dunne? You got the boss, didn't you?" The weird voice of the hare lipped Rabbit came through spitefully. "Everything evens out. You got the Boss and I've got your girl. She ain't going to look so good when I get done with her. Cheer up though," the peculiar piping sound of unfed guinea pigs underlined the menacing voice, "you'll never see her again, so you won't know what she'll look like." The line went dead.

Joe slumped into a chair. It was no use tracing the call. He knew it came from the Rabbit's home. Only too often he had gone through those guinea-pig hutches looking for stolen jewels. The Rabbit was probably on his way now to wherever Meg was hidden. He racked his brain. The only starting point was Van Dunsan's "club." That must have been one of their hangouts. Perhaps they had intended to meet there and divide their loot.

It wasn't much to go on but he had to get moving so that worry wouldn't drive him insane. As he drove back to town he suddenly thought, "How did the Rabbit know the Boss was dead? Not enough time had elapsed for it to hit the papers. Maybe that was a lead."

He pulled himself up short, no use dwelling on it, he had to find her and find her fast. Perhaps they'd learned something at Headquarters. He dialed again.

"Joe Dunne? We've been waiting to hear from you. Something funny has come up. There wasn't much of Van Dunsan's head left when the coroner started to autopsy but there was enough to show the mouth had a cleft palate!"

Joe didn't even wait to hang up the receiver. There it was. The solution of all those tangled threads and most important, Meg's whereabouts.

He slammed into his car and headed for the Rabbit's home. As he drove he realized he should have grasped the significance of the coat hangar Van Dunsan had rammed under the door.

He switched his motor off and coasted silently to the door of the yard.

A flickering light showed through a shaded window. Joe edged stealthily to it and looked in.

His hand raised for his gun at what he saw. Meg gagged, bound hand and foot lay on the floor with guinea-pigs racing insanely over her and over the rest of the room. A half inch of a fluttering candle stood next to her.

A nian, face concealed in shadow, said, "And now, my dear, that I've collected my various caches of loot, I leave you to the tender mercies of the Rabbit's pets. If anyone ever told you that guinea-pigs are vegetarians, remember that they belong to the rat family and when they get hungry enough perhaps they'll remember their ancestors."

Joe, gun in hand, broke through the window, his voice was flat and deadly as he said, "Van Dunsan, you're finished. Put—"

A shot ate blood from Joe's ear,

Joe triggered once and Van Dunsan, hands clasping his belly, fell to the floor, groaning.

Dawn was breaking over Headquarters when Joe explained the setup to his captain.

"If I had used my head, I would have realized that there was a reason for Van Dunsan shoving a coat hanger under the door before his fake suicide. You see he wanted to delay me and still allow the door to open a trifle. The curve of the coat hanger fixed that.

"Van Dunsan killed the Rabbit before the hold-up and dressed him in a duplicate Harlequin outfit. He beat his face in to destroy the hare lip not knowing that most hare lipped people also have a cleft palate.

"He hooked part of the costume to a clothes line depending on the black cloak to hide the body at a casual glance in the darkness, which it did.

"When he dove through the window he grabbed the clothes line pole and climbed up. The jolt of his body hitting the pole shook the Rabbit off the line and down.

"When I looked out of the window he was up over my head. I never even thought to look up."

"But what was the reason for all this?" the captain broke in.

"A darn good one. He knew I had a case against him that he couldn't wiggle out of.

"Luncie, the Rabbit and he were the only ones who split the real gravy.

"He murdered the Rabbit and figured we'd grab Luncie as we did when he came for the division of the spoils. That would have left him with a new identity and the lion's share of past robberies and all of to-night's profits.

"Where he went off the track was in trying to get even with me through Meg." Joe caressed her hair.

"He held me responsible for breaking up his comfortable racket so he had Luncie kidnap her while he allowed me to trail him and see his gory end.

"He had told them to leave her at the club and then split up.

"While we were arresting Luncie he went back and re-kidnapped her. Then he took her to the Rabbit's place, figuring rightly, that if he imitated the Rabbit's voice and let me hear the guinea-pigs squeal that that being the most obvious place was the last place I'd have thought of.

"Guinea-pigs look like rats without any tails and knowing how most women feel about rats—

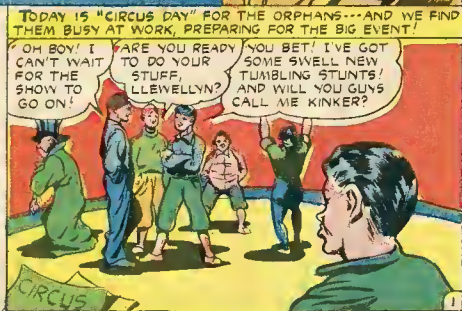
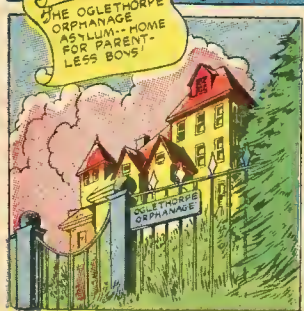
"He left her there while he got the gang's money and jewels from their various hiding places and then came back to kill Meg.

"You see, he had to kill her, because she was the only one that knew he was still alive. He bluffed her about the guinea-pigs eating her. That was just some of his dirty mental tortures."

O'Leary the cop, came up as they left Headquarters. He grinned at their bedraggled costumes and said, "Say, Joe, how about two tickets to the Police Masquerade Ball?"

He ducked just in time.

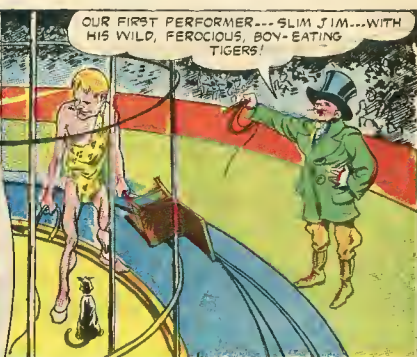
KINKER KINCAID



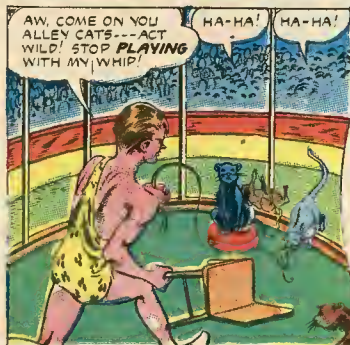


THE BIG SHOW BEGINS--

HI-LOOK! HI-LOOK! HURRY, HURRY FOR THE BIG SHOW! IT'S ONLY FIVE MARBLES, THE FIFTH PART OF 25 MARBLES! HURRY!



OUR FIRST PERFORMER---SLIM JIM---WITH HIS WILD, FEROCIOUS, BOY-EATING TIGERS!



AW, COME ON YOU ALLEY CATS---ACT WILD! STOP PLAYING WITH MY WHIP!

HA-HA!

HA-HA!



AND NOW FOR OUR STAR ATTRACTION---LLEWELLYN KINCAID!---THE GREATEST TUMBLING CLOWN IN THE WORLD!



HI-LOOK! STANDING ON ONE HAND! A MOST DIFFICULT TRICK! A HAND FOR LLEWELLYN!

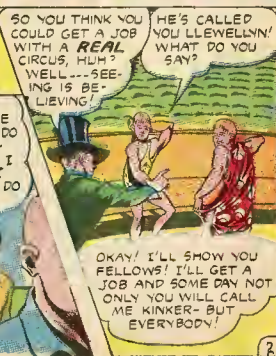
I TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES---I WANT TO BE CALLED KINKER!



ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END---SO AS THE DINNER BELL RINGS--THE BOYS FILE OUT! THE ANNUAL CIRCUS SHOW IS OVER!

BOY, WHAT WASN'T A SHOW! A WONDER?

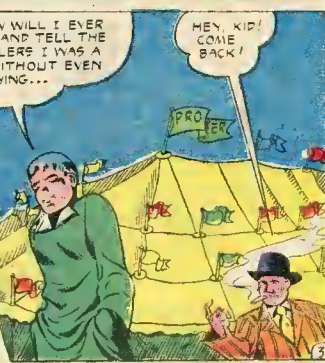
HE SURE CAN DO ACRO-BATICS! I WISH I COULD DO IT!



SO YOU THINK YOU COULD GET A JOB WITH A **REAL** CIRCUS, HUM? WELL---SEEING IS BE-LIEVING!

HE'S CALLED LLEWELLYN! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

OKAY! I'LL SHOW YOU FELLOWS! I'LL GET A JOB AND SOME DAY NOT ONLY YOU WILL CALL ME KINKER- BUT EVERYBODY!



COME TO THINK OF IT, I DO NEED A BOY! BUT IT'S ONLY FOR ONE DAY! THINK YOU CAN LEAD PART OF THE CAMEL TRAIN?

SURE... YES... GOSH... YOU BET... **WOWIE!**

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, THE TOWNSPEOPLE HAVE FILLED THE BIG TOP TO THE RAFTERS. AND THE SHOW BEGINS! FIRST COME THE ELEPHANTS FOLLOWED BY THE CAMEL TRAIN!

THIS ISN'T MUCH BUT MAYBE I CAN GET A CHANCE... JUST ONE CHANCE!



THEN COME THE CLOWNS... THE LAUGH-MAKING FUNSTERS OF THE CIRCUS!

NEXT COME THE AERIAL ARTISTS, LAUGHING AT PERILOUS HEIGHTS!

LOOK AT THEM GO! THEY'RE SURE GOOD, BUT I BET SOME DAY I CAN BE JUST AS GOOD!



BOY, AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL? I'D LIKE TO TRY THAT SOME DAY... BUT NOT RIGHT NOW I THINK!



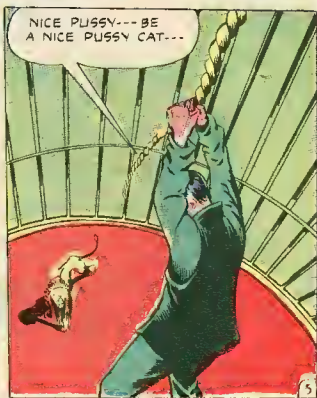
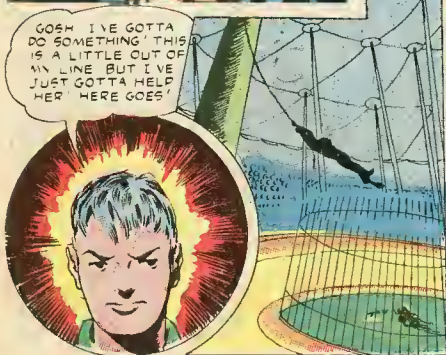
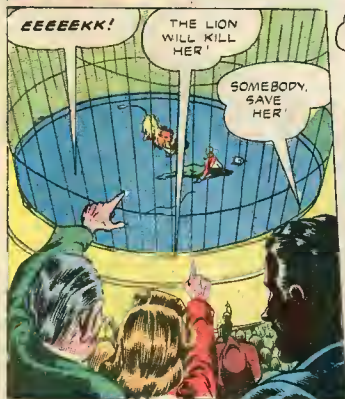
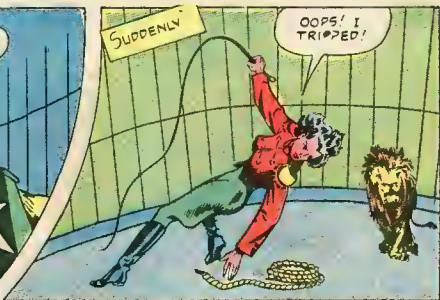
AND FINALLY... THE SENSATION OF THE CIRCUS... **MARY WILSON**, THE ONLY WOMAN LION TAMER IN THE WORLD!

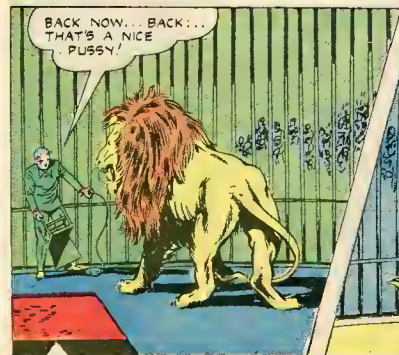
DON'T WORRY, MR. PROCTOR... I CAN HANDLE HIM!

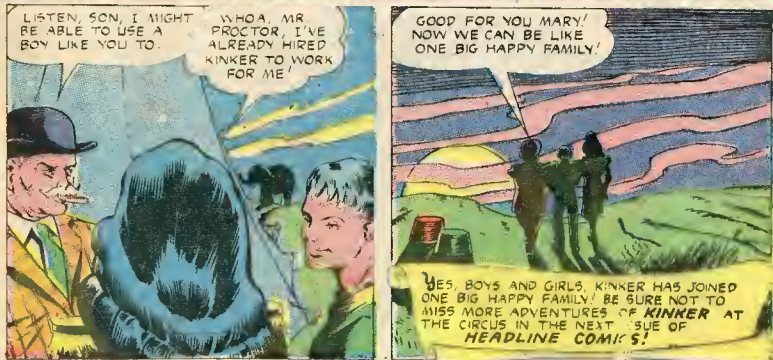
LISTEN TO ME, MARY! LEO IS DANGEROUS! HE'S A MEAN LION!

HOOLA! LET LEO IN! HOOLA!









PERRY ALLEN

ONCE MORE WE BRING YOU A THRILLING DRAMA OF THOSE DARING ADVENTUROUS BOYS... **PERRY ALLEN** AND HIS EQUALLY FEARLESS FRIEND, **TOM POWERS**... IN A TALE OF TREACHEROUS INTRIGUE! WHEN PLANE AFTER PLANE VANISHED OVER THE JUNGLES OF MEXICO HURLING THE PILOTS TO A FLAMING DEATH, AND WHEN NO ONE DARED TO CHALLENGE THE INVINCIBLE INCAS OF DEATH... IT TOOK OUR TWO HEROES TO STRIKE BACK HARD AND FAST TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF "THE DOUBLE-FACED DOUBLECROSSERS!"



THE EXTERIOR OF MEXICO... LAND OF THE ANCIENT INCAS, WHERE THE JUNGLES HAVE OPENED TO HURL DEATH INTO THE SKY!

SO THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE OUR PILOTS HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN, EH? CAN'T SCARE ME! INCA DINKA NO SCARE-A ME!!



DON'T SEE ANYTHING BUT AN INCA PYRAMID... HOW THE BLAZES CAN THEY GET AN ACK-ACK GUN INTO THAT JUNGLE?

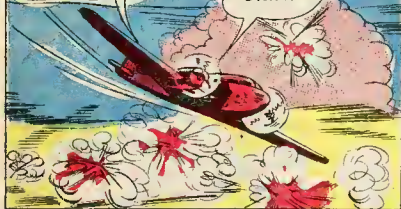
WHATEVER IT IS TELL 'EM TO STAY 'WAY FROM MY DOOR!



SUDDENLY, LEADEN DEATH STRIKES AT THE PLANE.

HEY! ACK-ACK!
WHERE'S IT
COMING FROM?

DON'T ASK
QUESTIONS!
**HIT THE
SILK!**



**AND A DIRECT HIT TURNS THE SHIP
INTO A BLAZING INFERNO!**



**ONCE MORE DEATH
STRIKES FROM THE
JUNGLE BELOW. BUT
THIS TIME AT THE
DEFENSELESS PILOTS OF
THE PLANE!**

UHHHH...
DIRTY, SNEAKY...
AAGGHHH



**BELOW IN THE VAST
JUNGLE, TWO ADVENTUR-
OUS AMERICAN BOYS,
PERRY ALLEN, AND HIS
FRIEND, TOM POWERS,
WITNESS THE SIGHT
WITH FIERY ANGER!**

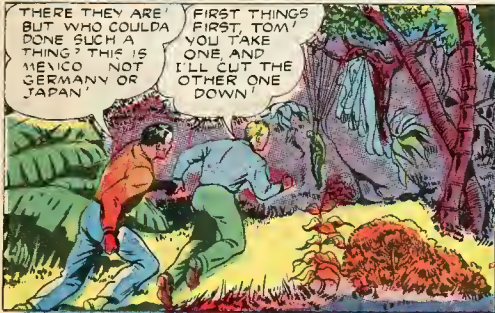
DIDJA SEE THAT,
PERRY? THOSE
AMERICAN PILOTS
DIDN'T HAVE
A CHANCE!

EASY, TOM!
LET'S GET
THE PILOTS
AND FIND OUT
WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT



THERE THEY ARE!
BUT WHO COULDA
DONE SUCH A
THING? THIS IS
MEXICO, NOT
GERMANY OR
JAPAN!

FIRST THINGS
FIRST, TOM!
YOU TAKE
ONE, AND
I'LL CUT THE
OTHER ONE
DOWN!



DON'T TOUCH
ME... UH
HAVEN'T YOU
DONE ENOUGH?

EASY, I'M
AN AMERICAN!
I'VE COME
TO HELP
YOU!





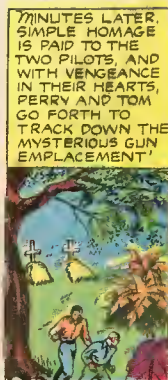
AMERICANS? THANK GOD! LISTEN... GET WORD OF THIS TO...

DON'T STRAIN YOURSELF, MISTER! YOU'RE HURT BAD! WE'LL FIX YOU UP FIRST!

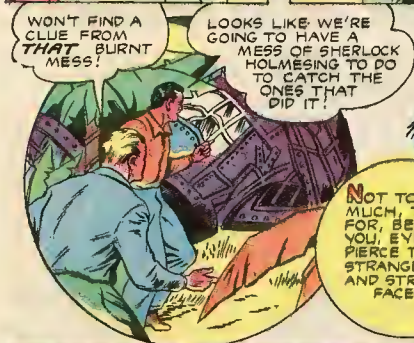


NO... FIRST I HAVE TO TELL YOU HIDDEN GUN EMPLACEMENTS MUST BE FOUND... HAVE TO GET WORD... AAAGGHH.

HE'S DEAD, AND I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO PROMISE HIM WE'D FERRET OUT THOSE MURDERERS!



MINUTES LATER, SIMPLE HOMAGE IS PAID TO THE TWO PILOTS, AND WITH VENGEANCE IN THEIR HEARTS, PERRY AND TOM GO FORTH TO TRACK DOWN THE MYSTERIOUS GUN EMPLACEMENT!



WON'T FIND A CLUE FROM THAT BURNT MESS!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A MESS OF SHERLOCK HOLMESING TO DO TO CATCH THE ONES THAT DID IT!



LOOK! 'MERICAN BOYS! WE KILL, TOO, YESSS?

YESSS! EMPEROR GIVE MEDAL TO HONORABLE US!

NOT TOO MUCH, TOM! FOR, BEHIND YOU, EYES PIERCE THROUGH STRANGE GARB AND STRANGER FACES!



AAIEEE! KILL... KILL...

WHA... DUCK, TOM!



WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE BEAUTIFUL BLACK AND BLUE EYES, DOGFACE?

HIT THE HAY, BUD!



SUDDENLY, FROM A SECRET POCKET, COMES ANOTHER KNIFE! THE JAP DRAWS BACK, THEN FORWARD...

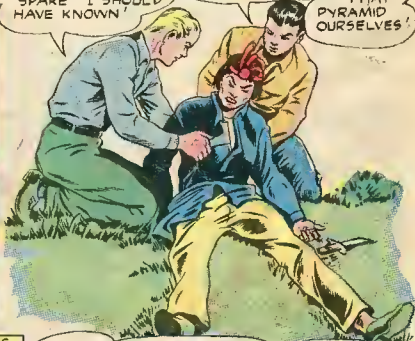


AAAAHHH! 'HAVE SAVED 'FACE'

WHA-WHERE'D HE GET A KNIFE?

THESE JAPS ALWAYS CARRY AROUND A SPARE! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

NOTHING ON HIM TO DIRECT US! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND THAT PYRAMID OURSELVES!



A SHORT WHILE LATER THE TWO FRIENDS REACH THE SUMMIT OF THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN, AND...

THERE IT IS, PERRY! CAN'T SEE ANYTHING FROM HERE, THOUGH!

NATURALLY! WE'VE GOT TO GIVE THEM CREDIT FOR SOME GOOD CAMOUFLAGING! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, TOM! WE GOT WORK TO DO... AND I MEAN WORK!



OUR BOY SCOUT TRAINING SURE COMES IN HANDY IN THESE PARTS. EH, TOM?

BOY SCOUTS? YOU GOTTA BE AN INDIAN TO FIND YOUR WAY THROUGH THIS JUNGLE!



MEANWHILE, HUGE MECHANICAL EARS, CAPABLE OF DISTINGUISHING HUMAN FOOTSTEPS FROM ORDINARY JUNGLE NOISES, PICK UP OUR HEROES TRAIL.



AIEEE! HEAR STRANGE FOOTSTEPS!

THERE ARE STRANGERS!

WE ATTACK AS EMPEROR HAS TAUGHT US BEHIND!



CHARGE ITO AND PITO!



THE DAUNTLESS DUO ARE OVERCOME BY THE SAVAGE DOGS....

HURRY, NOBU, BLOW WHISTLE TO MAKE HONORABLE DOGS HOLD! WE WANT THEM ALIVE!



MINUTES LATER, PERRY AND TOM ARE LED, CAPTIVES, TO THE MYSTERIOUS PYRAMID!

SO THIS IS THE PRETTY HIDEOUT! SHREWD, TOO!



GOSH, NOBODY WOULD EVER FIND THIS SPOT IN A MILLION YEARS!

THIS PLACE IS SO BIG, THEY MUST BE PLANNING TO USE IT TO LAUNCH AN INVASION AGAINST AMERICA! MUST GET OUT SOME WAY...



... IF I CAN --- WAIT! THAT RIVETER, IF I CAN ONLY GET IT!

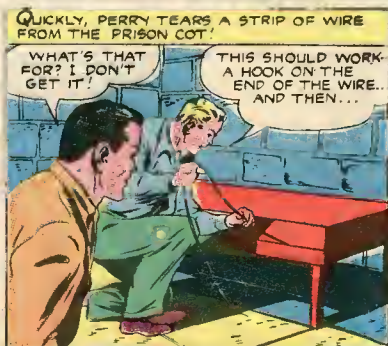
WHAT'VE YOU GOT ON YOUR MIND, PERRY?



QUICKLY, PERRY TEARS A STRIP OF WIRE FROM THE PRISON COT!

WHAT'S THAT FOR? I DON'T GET IT!

THIS SHOULD WORK-- A HOOK ON THE END OF THE WIRE... AND THEN...



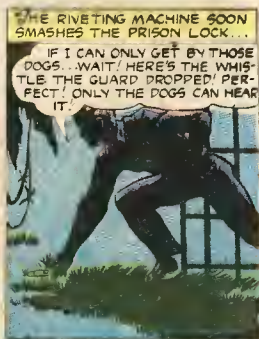
AHHHH... GOT IT!

NOW I GET IT!



THE RIVETING MACHINE SOON SMASHES THE PRISON LOCK...

IF I CAN ONLY GET BY THOSE DOGS... WAIT! HERE'S THE WHISTLE THE GUARD DROPPED! PERFECT! ONLY THE DOGS CAN HEAR IT!



ATTACHING THE WHISTLE--WHICH
IS PITCHED SO HIGH THAT HUMAN
EARS CANNOT HEAR IT-- TO A
PNEUMATIC AIR HOSE HE SETS
A TRAP

A comic book panel showing a man in a green suit and a woman in a blue dress running away from a pack of werewolves. The man is shouting, "WHAT ISSE MATTER?" The scene is set in a room with a window and a small table with a cup on it. The werewolves are in the foreground, and the man and woman are in the background, running towards the left. The man is wearing a green suit and a yellow hat, and the woman is wearing a blue dress. The werewolves are in the foreground, and the man and woman are in the background, running towards the left. The man is shouting, "WHAT ISSE MATTER?"

AIEEE 'HONORABLE
DOG HAS PLAYED
DISHONORABLE
TRICK'

MEANWHILE PERRY AND TOM
HAVE PLANS - BIG EXPLOSIVE
PLANS!

DUD! CAN YOU TIE THAT?
WELL MAYBE WE CAN AT
LEAST
THAT IS ESCAPE

THAT IS
IF WE'RE
NOT
'CAUGHT'

PROPHETIC WORDS, TOM!
FOR PRESENTLY...

UH, UH! YOU CALLED IT
RIGHT, TOM! THESE
MONKEYS LOSE NO TIME.
DO THEY?

PLEASE TO
RAISE HANDS,
PLEASE!

PLEASE TO RAISE HANDS, PLEASE!

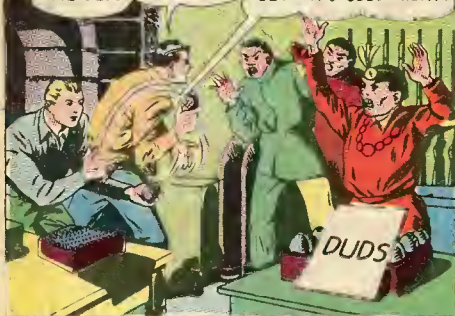
MONKEYS LOSE NO TIME DO THEY?

LET'S PLAY TOM!
MAYBE ONE OF
THESE MONKEYS
WILL TRY TO IN-
TERCEPT A PASS

I GETCHA
PAL LET'S AT
LEAST GIVE
THEM THE
JITTERS!

AIEE'

LESS TALK NOW,
TOM! IF THEY FIND
OUT---IT'S GOOD NIGHT!



**LOOK! 1955 NO-GOOD
BOMBS! QUICK TO FOLLOW,
PLEASE!**



THEY'RE CHASING US!
COME ON LET'S RUN!



WAIT A MINUTE,
PERRY' LET ME
THROW THIS APPLE
AT THEM! MAYBE
I'LL SCORE A HIT
ON THE HEAD'



HALD' IT WAS HA HA' WELL
REAL' AND ANYWAY, NO JAP
WE WERE WILL EVER GET
PLAYING EVEN THIS CLOSE
WITH IT TO THE GOOD OLD
U S AGAIN!



YOU'RE RIGHT, PERRY. NOT AS LONG AS THERE ARE RED-BLOODED AMERICANS LIKE YOU GUARDING OUR SHORES' SO WE'LL ALL BE SEEING YOU AND YOUR FRIEND, TOM, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HEADLINE COMICS.

DID YOU HEAR
THAT? SOUNDED
LIKE SOMEONE
THREW A
BOMB BACK
THERE! **WAIT**
A MINUTE!
DID I SAY
BOMB?



BILL, YOU SURE HAVE A SWELL BUILD! DID YOU TRAIN FOR A LONG TIME?

ABSOLUTELY NOT! THE ATLAS DYNAMIC TENSION SYSTEM MAKES MUSCLES GROW FAST!

Here's the Kind of MEN I Build!

Charles Atlas

An actual untouched photo of Charles Atlas, holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



J. G. O'BRIEN
Atlas Champion
Cup Winner
This is an ordinary snapshot of one of Charles Atlas' California pupils.

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

Only 15 Minutes a Day

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret

"**Dynamic Tension**!" That's the ticket! The *identical natural* method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—*my way*. I give you *no gadgets or contraptions to fool with*. When you have learned to develop your strength through "**Dynamic Tension**" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is *practical*. And, man, *so easy*! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "**Dynamic Tension**" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE** and **VITALITY**.

FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped **THEM** do. See what I can do for **YOU**! For a real thrill, send for this book *today*. **AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 332A 115 East 23rd Street, New York City, 10, N. Y.**



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 332A
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "**Dynamic Tension**" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength**."

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